Petr. *Hortensio* peace: thou knowst not golds effect,
Tell mee her fathers name, and 'tis enough:
For I will boord her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in Autumne cracke.
Hor. Her father *Baptista Minola*,
An affable and courteous Gentleman,
Her name is *Katherina Minola*,
Renown'd in *Padua* for her scolding tongue.
Petr. I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well:
I will not sleepe *Hortensio* til I see her,
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To giue you ouer at this first encounter,
Vnlesse you will accompanie mee thither.
Gru. I pray you Sir let him go while the humor lasts. A my word, and she knew him as well as I do, she would thinke scolding would do little good vpon him. Shee may perhaps call him halfe a score Knaues, or so: Why that's nothing; and he begins once, hee'le rayle in his rope tricks. Ile tell you what sir, and she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall haue no more eies to see withall then a Cat: you know him not sir.
Hor. Tarrie *Petruchio* I must go with thee,
For in *Baptistas* keepe my treasure is:
He hath the Iewel of my life in hold,
His yongest daughter, beautifull *Bianca*,
And her with-holds from me. Other more
Suters to her, and riuals in my Loue:
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I haue before rehearst,
That euer *Katherina* will be woo'd
Therfore this order hath *Baptista* tane,
That none shall haue accesse vnto *Bianca*,
Til *Katherine* the Curst, haue got a husband.
Gru. *Katherine* the curst,
A title for a maide, of all titles the worst.
Hor. Now shall my friend *Petruchio* do me grace,
And offer me disguis'd in sober robes,
To old *Baptista* as a schoole-master.

Well seene in musicke, to instruct *Bianca*,
That so I may by this deuice at least
Haue leaue and leisure to make loue to her
And vnsuspected court her by her selfe.

Enter Gremio and Lucentio

Gru. Heere's no knauerie. See, to begu
the young folkes lay their heads toge.her.
about you: Who goes there?
Hor. Peace *Grumio*, it is the riuall of
Petruchio stand by a while.
Grumio. A propper stripling, and an ar
Gremio. Oh very well, I haue perus'd t
Hearke you sir, Ile haue them verie fairely
All bookes of Loue, see that at any hand,
And see you reade no other Lectures to h
You vnderstand me. Ouer and beside
Signior *Baptistas* liberalitie,
Ile mend it with a Largesse. Take your p
And let me haue them verie well perfum'
For she is sweeter then Perfume it selfe
To whom they go to: what will you read
Luc. What ere I reade to her, Ile plead
As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmely as your selfe were still in place,
Yea and perhaps with more successefull w
Then you; vnlesse you were a scholler sir
Gre. Oh this learning, what a thing it
Gru. Oh this Woodcocke, what an A
Petru. Peace sirra.
Hor. *Grumio* mum: God saue you signi
Gre. And you are wel met, Signior H
Trow you whither I am going? To *Bap*
I promist to enquire carefully
Aboute a schoolemaster for the faire *Bia*
And by good fortune I haue lighted well
On this yong man: For learning and beh
Fit for her turne, well read in Poetrie
And other bookes, good ones, I warrant

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3706)